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BAPTISTS!
Read This!

On account of Southern Baptist Convention at Oklahoma City.
May 15 to 22, the

L. & N. Railroad
Will operate an elegant Pullman Sleeper through to Oklahoma City without change, same to leave Hopkinsville at 9:52 a. m., May 13; and arrive at Oklahoma City 5:25 p. m., May 14—Route L. & N. to St. Louis, Frisco R. R. beyond.

Round Trip Rate
\$27.10.

Sleeping Car rate, lower berth \$4.75, upper berth \$3.80.

Tickets on sale May 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14. Return limit May 31, 1912. For further information call on, write or telephone.

J. C. HOOE, AGT. L. & N.,
or
REV. C. M. THOMPSON,
Pastor, 1st Baptist Church,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Turn Over
a New Leaf

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for THIS PAPER

WELL DEFIES SKILL OF MAN

Engineers Unable to Confine Marvelous Flow of Gas in Transylvania, Hungary.

There are wells of many kinds: those which gush out of petroleum, those which furnish water to surrounding populations, wells that are scarcely damp, and wells that periodically inundate the neighborhood in which they are found. But of all the wells in existence probably none compare in interest with a gas well in Hungary.

This well is situated in Transylvania, and the peculiarity of it is that it is not seen but heard. The gas escapes by means of an iron tube with such dreadful force as to produce a noise which makes it impossible to hear the human voice within a considerable radius.

Many and diverse attempts have been made to regulate and utilize the output of gas, but so far the only device which has succeeded has been to put an iron tube of 25 centimeters in diameter into the earth. Through this the gas has been escaping now for nearly three years. Engineers from various countries have been conducted to the spot and have thought out ingenious ways to make the gas available and to stop the dreadful noise caused by its escape. Every plan has failed. On one occasion the problem was believed to have been solved, but it was soon found that the gas had merely been turned aside in its course and was escaping in the same manner in adjacent territory after having followed a track for some distance below the surface.

The gas comes through the iron tube with the velocity of a cannon ball and it is estimated that there is a daily loss of a million of cubic meters, the value of which amounts to \$6,000.—Harper's Weekly.

LONG USEFULNESS AT AN END

Some Would Have Thought Vase Had Done Good Service, but Not So Mrs. Spicer.

When Miss Ann Pickett dropped in on her neighbor, Mrs. Spicer, and found her moping over the fragments of a gilt vase, Miss Ann sympathized generously. "It must have been quite a costly vase," she said, looking admiringly at the pieces.

"No, it only cost six bits," Mrs. Spicer acknowledged. "Tain't that I feel so bad about."

"Maybe it was a gift that you prized because of associations," Mrs. Spicer shook her head. "Jim and I bought it over in Tompkinsville a long time ago; I prized it because it was such a saving to the family. The first year we had it I kept it on the front shelf for a general ornament; then when Jim's birthday came and I hadn't anything else handy to give, I gave him the vase for his own. Next Christmas, instead of paying out good money to buy something new, he gave it back to me for a Christmas present; then I gave it to Jim junior on his birthday, and he gave it to Sue Belle on hers."

"The next spring all the kinfolks got up a birthday party for old Aunt Sallie Spicer, and we took her the vase; after she'd kept it a good bit, she gave it to Jim's sister Jane for a wedding present, and afterwards Jane gave it to me and Jim when we had our china wedding. I was counting on giving it to Jim again on his next birthday, and now here it is smashed to flinders."

"I tell you, Miss Ann, it most makes me cry to think of losing such a useful family article—so near Jim's birthday, too!"—Youth's Companion

Varieties of Honey.

A sore throat and a rasping cough led the writer to call in at the stores with a view to the purchase of honey. Lemon and honey are extremely soothing, and the overplus of the latter can be used on the breakfast table. The assistant said they had plenty of honey, got it fresh every day. "What honey is it?" asked the man with a sore throat huskily. "Twenty-one cents a pound," replied the salesman, and it came out that he had no notion that there were varieties of honey. His idea was that all honey was English, and he had never heard of Irish honey, let alone that superb quality that the Connemara bees produce, or of the heather honey or that from the West Indies. Grocers and purchasers should be educated in the various excellences of honey.—London Chronicle.

Tracing the "Barber Shop Chord."

Barbers in the old days might well charge heavily, for theirs must have been a nerve-racking existence. Zithers were provided instead of newspapers, and customers used to strum on these while waiting for a vacant chair. Dekker, writing, refers to "a barber's cittern for every man to play on." The term "barber's music," was a common one in the days of Peppys, who on June 5, 1660, records: "After supper my lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks with money in them for symbols, we made barber's music, with which my lord was very well pleased."

Protest.

"The boys seem discouraged about makin' garden," said Mrs. Cornsossel. "Yep," replied her husband. "They turned up a few square feet of dirt an' then held a meetin' an' passed resolutions to the effect that it was a shame to spoil such a fine flahin'-worm pasture by plantin' it full o' potatoes an' sweet corn."

Stopped Those Pains

Copper Hill, Va.—Mrs. Ida Conner, of this place, says: "For years, I had a pain in my right side, and was very sick with womanly troubles. I tried different doctors but could get no relief. I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I took Cardui, and it relieved the pain in my side, and now I feel like a new person. I am a wonderful medicine." Many women are completely worn out and discouraged on account of some womanly trouble. Are you? Take Cardui, the woman's tonic. Its record shows that it will help you. Why wait? Try it today. Ask your druggist about it.

NOT HER FIRST APPEARANCE

Well Meaning Church Woman Unfortunately in Extending Welcome, as Pastor Had Counseled.

It is embarrassing sometimes, this thing of sudden religious zeal; that is, if you haven't made it a regular business. Witness the mistake made some time ago by a good woman who was a regular attendant at a church down on Chestnut street, says the Louisville Times.

One Sunday morning her pastor preached an inspiring sermon on the subject of welcoming the "Stranger Within Thy Gates." He urged upon his membership the duty of giving a cordial greeting to strangers who happened in at that church.

This good woman was much impressed with his remarks. As she turned around to leave the church, she discovered an unfamiliar face in the pew immediately behind her. With a radiant smile she extended her hand. "I'm glad to see you out this morning," she said.

"Thank you," replied the stranger with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Do you come often?" sweetly asked the good woman.

The stranger smiled. "I have been occupying this pew for the past seven years," she said.

There was an embarrassed silence, and then the good woman turned and started out. It was noticeable that she made no further attempt to greet any stranger that morning.

WORLD'S MOST NOTED ECHOES

Some Reproduce Sound in Melodious Manner, Others With an Effect That is Terrifying.

Probably the finest echo which the world knows is in the cathedral at Pisa, where the Leaning Tower is. Sing two notes and there is no reverberation; sing three and they are at once taken up by the walls of the edifice, swelled, prolonged and varied, till they seem as a divine harmony from some majestic organ.

There is a cavern in Finland in which, if you test your lungs to the top of their capacity, there will answer you such horrible roarings, moanings and mutterings that you will be glad to rush out in absolute terror.

The cutting down of trees in a certain locality on the Hudson river spoiled a splendid echo. A word shouted there was repeated 42 times.

Undoubtedly the most extraordinary natural echo in the world is to be heard by the side of a small lake in Bavaria. On one hand rises a perpendicular cliff several thousand feet high, while on the other side is a dense forest. If a pistol is fired on the lake the woods send back a faint echo that gradually dies away, but presently it is heard from the cliff, continually increasing in power, till it bursts over one's head like a deafening peal of thunder.

SEEMINGLY NO THRILL LEFT

Tales of Travelers Altogether Devoid of Attraction in These Days of the Telegraph.

It is a pity in some ways that travel, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, has become in this age so much a matter of course. Not so long ago a first sight of London or Paris would bring a thrill to an American; and as he entered into old world culture and felt its settled traditions, he was apt to be lifted out of himself by constant surprises. But now, with hundreds of periodicals recounting and actually picturing the march of events, with the sights of Persia and the outcries of China heard here almost as soon as they are uttered, travel and foreign acquaintance have lost much of their romance and refreshment. Set an intelligent young American down in front of the Taj Mahal, and its contour will seem about as familiar to him as the Metropolitan tower. Nor do we care to have returning travelers unburdening their experiences to us or showering us with kodak pictures. We read of and look at the rest of the world in the same way in which we get a reckoning of our country's doings at our morning or evening coffee. After all, it takes less than half an hour to send a message around the world, and why should the man who has been to Shanghai foist his stale news upon us? If he has anything worth saying, let him write a book and we will see whether we care to read it. Youths just out of college who have a craving for real adventure no longer think of gratifying it in travel; they seek employment in a coal mine or become cowboys.

MORE OF ART THAN NATURE

Matron's Beautiful Figure, Admired by All, Suffered Bad Collapse at Inopportune Time.

At a dinner party given lately in Paris one lady was remarked above all others for the elegance of her figure and the perfection of her toilet. During the mauvais quart d'heure before dinner she was surrounded by a host of admirers, and one less bashful than the rest ventured to offer her the flower from his buttonhole. It was accepted, but as the "princess robe" worn by the graceful creature was laced behind, it was necessary to fasten the flower to the front of her dress with a pin. The operation was successfully performed, and the fair lady was led in to dinner, by the donor of the flower. They were hardly seated when he heard a curious sound like the gentle sighing of the wind, and on turning toward his partner he saw with horror that the lovely figure was getting "small by degrees and beautifully less." The rounded form had disappeared before the first was over, and long before the first entree the once creaseless garment hung in great folds about a scraggy framework! It seems that the newest dresses for "slight" ladies are made with all-right linings and inflated when on till the required degree of ambonpoint is attained. The unfortunate lady mentioned above had forgotten this little detail when she fastened the fatal flower to her bosom with a pin; hence the collapse!—La-bouchere in Truth of March 8, 1877.

HOW EXPERTS FORM OPINIONS

Distinguishing Marks May Be Forged, but the Man Who Knows Cannot Be Deceived.

A dealer in antiques was talking about art experts. "Take, for instance," he said, "an expert in old pewter. You think, perhaps, he distinguishes old pewter by the marks—the Tudor roses, the maker's name, and so forth? Bless your heart, those marks are continually forged. No, he distinguishes old pewter by the feel. "It is like the china expert. He, with his eyes closed, will distinguish hard and soft paste china. It's the feel again—his fingers trained by years and years of study till each one has a brain in it."

"Oriental rug experts have a very subtle sense of rug differences. Sometimes they distinguish a rug by its smell—the smell of the wool and the dyes. This seems incredible till you think of the Harris tweed, that imported cloth that you yourself can distinguish by its smell—the smell, which never leaves it, of the peat smoke of the cottage wherein it was woven on a hand loom. "Wool sorters, a less highly paid class of experts, can take up a handful of wool, and by its color tell you whether it came from Texas, from the territories, from England or from Canada. The soil, you see, gives its own color to the wool."

About a Pair of "Pants."

A Detroit man, who had contributed a bundle of his cast-off clothing for the relief of the victims of a fire, received from one of the sufferers the following note: "The committee man give me amongst other things wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to ware 'em. I found your name and where you live on one of the pokits. My wife laffed so when I shode 'em to her that I thot she woud have a conlpsuhm fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was he orter be taken up for vagrancy for havin' no visible means of support. I couldnt get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em for gun cases. If you hav another pare to spare, my wife would like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fireplace to keep the tongs in."—Spofford's Library of Wit and Humor.

My Rest Cure.

Commit it to memory or paste it up where your eye will often rest upon it. Apply it daily as often as practicable; make it a part of your daily thought, and, my word for it, that tired feeling will vanish and you will know it no more forever. Your heart, your home, your life will be full of sunshine. Relax mind and body. Ease up on every nerve and muscle. Shut out all unpleasantness. Throw care to the winds. If you become tired when reading, writing or in the pursuit of anything requiring mental effort; if the mind seems to lose its activity for a time, its quickness of perception, its power of concentration, it, too, needs a rest or change of activity. The brain not being a muscular organ, must rely upon bodily activity to draw away the blood that has been used and make room for new.—Los Angeles Times.

Unexhaustible Supply of Iron.

One of the most wonderful sources of iron in the world is at Lac a la Tortue, Quebec, near to where iron has been smelted since 1733. Organic acids dissolve the iron rust in the sandy bottom of the rivers running into the lake, where the exposure of its surface to the air turns the composition into a persalt, forming in a film upon the surface. This sinks in the lake forming "cake ore," which is smelted at the Radnor forges into the finest charcoal iron. The supply is always being replenished, and the lake furnishes one of the few "iron mines" in the world which will probably never be exhausted.

Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected April 9, 1912.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12½c per pound.
Country bacon, 14c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.50 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 12c per pound.
Country hams, 18c per pound.
Irish potatoes, \$1.80 per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1.80 per bushel.
Texas eating onions, \$3.50 per bushel.
Red eating onions, \$3.50 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel.
Cabbage, 6 cents a pound.
Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.
Country dried apples, 15c per pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs 20c per doz.
Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.
Bananas, 15c and 20c doz.
New York State apples \$6.00 to \$8.00 per barrel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound.
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks 3c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per pound.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.
Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4½; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5½.

Fresh country eggs, 15 cents per dozen.

Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$30.00
No. 1 timothy hay, \$30.00
Choice clover hay, \$25.00
No. 1 clover hay, \$25.00
Clean, bright straw hay, \$8.00
Alfalfa hay, \$28.00
White seed oats, 68c
Black seed oats, 68c
Mixed seed oats, 65c
No. 2 white corn, \$1.00.
No. 2 mixed corn, \$1.00.
Winter wheat bran, \$30.00
Chops, \$5.00.

A Cash Offer.

The Kentuckian has made a special clubbing rate with The Memphis Weekly Commercial Appeal by which we will furnish both papers for one year for the very low subscription price of \$2.25. The Commercial Appeal is one of the largest and best papers in the South, and we hope to receive many new subscriptions on this offer; \$2.25 cash for both papers.

Calendars.

The finest line of samples ever seen in Hopkinsville, from the Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia, can be seen at the Kentuckian office. Come in and see them. We can please you, no matter what style you want for 1913.

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Six more \$5.00 Barred Rock Cockerels left at

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Eggs \$2 to \$5 per 15, according to matings.

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